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vantage of ignorance and inexperience, render the Dublin carmen almost intolerable, (we speak generally) except to those who are content to endure these disadvantages for the pleasure and ease of being conveyed to any part of the city or country. But none who have enjoyed the comforts of that pleasant vehicle, a *private* car, will quarrel with our designating it *agreeable* and *handsome*. Almost every citizen who can afford it, (and we are sorry to add, many who can not,) keeps a car. In a future number we will give an excursion to Kingstown—but in the meantime conclude our notice with the following extract kindly furnished by a friend.

“Who has not enjoyed the advantages of the jaunting car: who that has even traversed the beautiful road to Kingstown on the various vehicles so properly denominated “*dislocators*,” which pass and repass in unremitting whirl: or who that has watched the beautiful daughters of the “green isle” borne through the streets of our extending metropolis on this handsome and commodious vehicle, that will not feel curious to know from what humble principle, it has thus risen to perfection. And in good time, have I met with Master Bush’s *Hibernia Curiosa*: he was a careful and observant traveller, and I feel I cannot do better than amuse your readers with an extract on the above matter from his work:

“They have an odd kind of machine here, which they call the *NODDY*; it is nothing more than an old cast off one-horse chaise or chair; with a kind of stool fixed upon the shafts just before the seat, on which the driver sits, just over the horse, and drives you from one part of the town to another, at stated rates for a “*set-down*,” and a good set-down it is sometimes, for you are well off if you are not set down in a channel, by the breaking of the wheels, or an overset-down; nor can you see any thing before you but your nod, nod, nodding charioteer, whose situation on the shafts obliges his motion to be conformed to that of the horse, from whence I suppose they have obtained the name of the Noddy. I assure you the ease of the fare is not much consulted in the construction of these nodding vehicles. But the drollest and most diverting kind of conveyance for your genteel and ungenteel parties of pleasure is what they call here the *Chaise-marine*, which is nothing less or more than any common car with one horse. A simple kind of carriage constructed with a pair of wheels, or thin round blocks, of about twenty inches in diameter, an axle and two shafts, which over the axle are spread out a little wider than the sides of the horse, and framed together with cross pieces in such a manner as to be nearly in a level position for three or four feet across the axle. These simple constructions are almost the only kind of carts in common use for the carrying or moving of goods, merchandize of every kind, hay, corn, &c. through the kingdom. These are however used for parties of pleasure, when on the level part a mat is laid for the commonalty, and for the genteeler sort of people a bed is put on this, and half a dozen get on, two behind, and two on each side, and away they drive, with their feet not above six inches from the ground as they sit, on little jaunts of a few miles out of town; and they are the most sociable carriages in use, for ten or a dozen will take one of these *Chaise-marines*, and ride it by turns, the rate being seldom, in such cases, more than a foot pace. I assure you they are the drollest, merriest currioles you ever saw. We were infinitely diverted at meeting many of these feather bed chaise-marine parties on the Sunday we landed coming out of town, as we went up to it from Dunleary.’ Such was the jaunting car of Ireland in 1764, and could the honest gentleman to whom we are indebted for this description “revisit the glimpses of the moon,” and see the vehicle of 1832, how great would be his praises and surprise. I shall take an early opportunity of returning to his pages, from whence I have no fear of being enabled to extract much that will be found agreeable, useful, and entertaining.”

#### PRACTICAL ADVICE TO IRISHMEN.

We are sure that our friends will not despise a little advice; and we therefore wish to call their attention to a few things not unworthy the observation of rational men.

One grand objection, until of late, to Irishmen, was their want of *business habits*. It is owing to this that the English have imbibed the idea that nothing good can come out of Ireland, and it is owing too to this that our shops and our warehouses are filled with Scotchmen. We do not mention this for the sake of invidious comparison; all we mean by it is,

that Irishmen may be stimulated to rival them in what is assuredly merely an *educational* habit. To our young men we would say, never *undervalue your situation*. Whatever it may be, fulfil its duties well; and if you think it unworthy of your abilities, the surest way to get a better, is to *deserve* it. Never let a horse-race, a review, or a regatta, draw you from your business at unseasonable times. Value it more than any thing else; be assiduous, attentive, and painstaking; and when you do take a day of pleasure (for who with any spark of feeling could bear to be shut up perpetually in town?) let that day be such as will not interfere with your more important duties.

Endeavour to acquire solid, useful substantial knowledge. Unfortunately for poor Ireland, though her children are apt, inquisitive, acute and intelligent, yet their faculties have never been rightly directed. There are *three* senses in which the people of the *three* kingdoms may be termed *knowing*. The English are *knowing*, so far as regards their *comfort*, and the promotion of it; the Scotch are *knowing*, as far as regards that careful attention to *interest* which secures their situations, and the means of keeping them; but Paddy, poor Paddy, though he can give a wittier reply, a shrewder observation, a more humorous retort, and is therefore more intellectually *knowing* than either English or Scotch, fails in the grand points of knowingness as to *comfort* and *interest*. It is a positive fact that the tone of an Irish Penny Journal must be more elevated than an English one, because the lower classes of the Irish are more intelligent than the English. At the same time the Irish have not acquired that *PATIENT HABIT* of reading which characterizes the Scotch. We say *habit*; for it is owing to *education*. Let our friends then endeavour to diffuse around them a taste for wholesome manly reading. Let them endeavour to diffuse knowledge, and to *guide* the demand for it; let them encourage it in their children and relatives; and Ireland will soon present a cheering scene.

#### THE EAGLE.

O to be free, like the eagle of heaven,  
That soars over valley and mountain all day,  
Then flies to the rock which the thunder hath riven,  
And nurses her young with the fresh bleeding prey!  
No arrow can fly  
To her eyrie on high,  
No net of the fowler her wings can ensnare;  
The merle and thrush  
May live in the bush,  
But the eagle's domain is as wide as the air!

O to be fleet, like the stag of the mountain,  
That starts when the twilight has gilded the morn;  
He feeds in the forest, and drinks from the fountain,  
And hears from the thicket the sound of the horn;  
Then forward he bounds,  
While horses and hounds  
Follow fast with their loud-sounding yell and halloo;  
The goats and the sheep  
Their pasture may keep,  
But the stag bounds afar when the hunters pursue.

O to be strong like the oaks of the forest,  
That wave their green tops while the breezes blow high,  
And never are felled till they're wounded the sorest—  
Then they throw down their saplings, when falling to die,  
The shrubs and flowers,  
In gardens and bowers,  
May sicken when mildew has tainted the field;  
But the oaks ever stand,  
As the pride of our land,  
And to none but the arm of the lightning will yield.

Then, free in the world as the far-soaring eagle,  
And swift as the stag, when at morning awoke,  
Let us laugh at the chase of the hound and the beagle,—  
Be sturdy and strong as the wide-spreading oak;  
And we'll quaff wine and ale  
From goblet and pail,  
And we'll drink to the health of our comrades so dear:  
And, like merry, merry men,  
We'll fill up again;  
And thus live without sorrow, and die without fear.